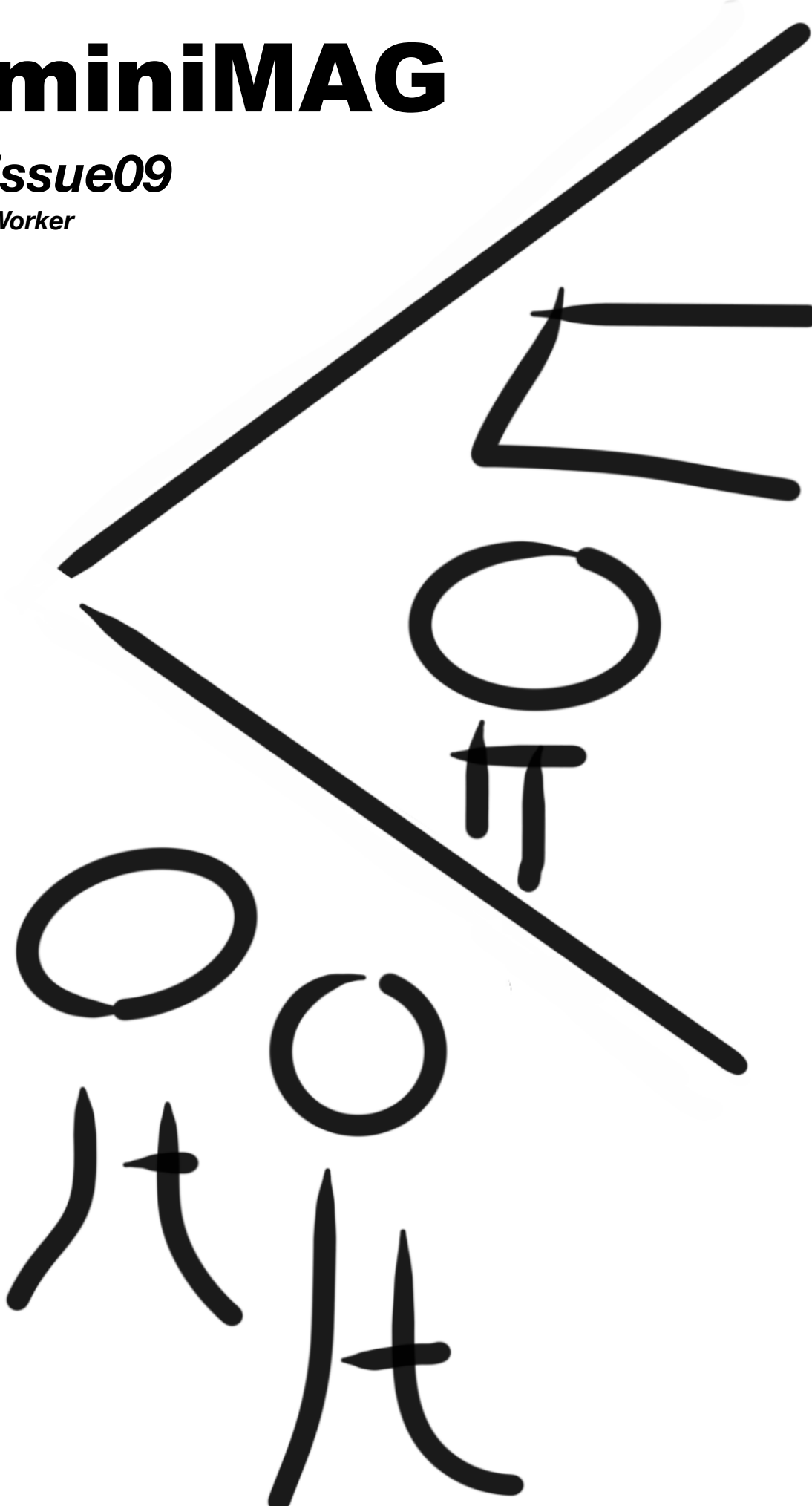


miniMAG

issue09

Worker



On the Subway, 8am

And two small workers sit on either side of me.

Already covered in the day's dust,

while I hate read a golden copy of "Crazy,

Rich, Asians".

There's a poem there,

but I'm too exhausted from my middle class

existence to write it.

By Alex Prestia

Ready, unprepared

By Simo Gagai

Sudden sunshine beams into the small cave and excites. Gege looks up, whilst Ciaomay hides her face in shock and fear.

Gege gets up to rush for the big wood block covering the entrance for a peek into assurance. There's no doubt in him, it's time to leave this dark small cave and free themselves from the long hard times they've faced. He turns to Ciaomay in excitement, to tell her they can go out of the cave. To his surprise and dismay, she has crawled up in the corner trembling in terror.

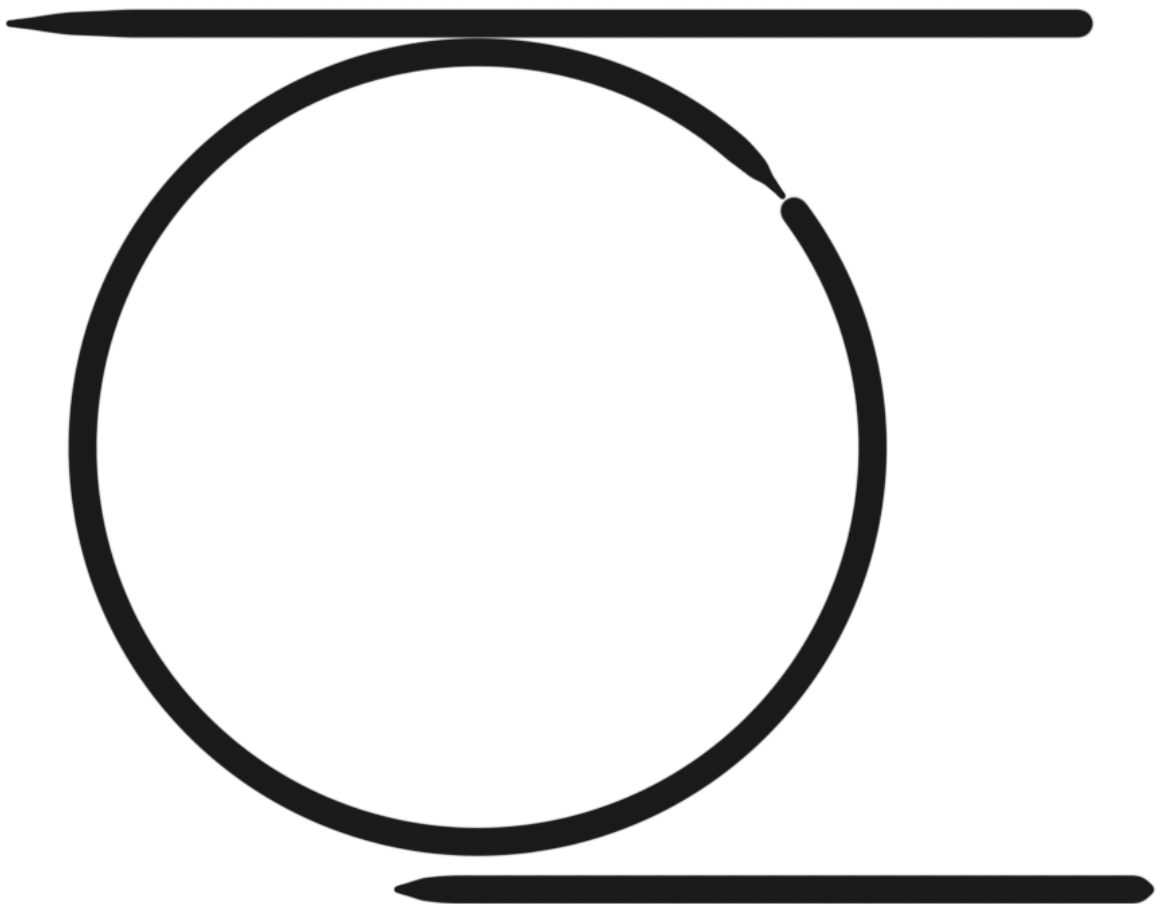
“No need to be afraid anymore baby sister, we are free now.”

He moves closer to comfort the anxious little chimp. She shakes her head repeatedly. Gege puts his long hand around her shoulder and looks at the beaming light through the gaps of the cave, “No need to be afraid anymore baby sister, we are free now”.

Ciaomay won't even face the light and Gege is caught in mixed emotions, ready to go but her baby sister is unprepared. He

moves his hand slowly away from her shoulder and starts dragging his feet away from her. Whilst looking at his baby sister over his shoulder, he walks towards the big wooden log at the entrance, pushes it with all his strength, but it only moves by an inch, and a brighter light floods into the cave.

Ciaomay trembles even more with the sound and the bright light hitting her back fur. Gege is groaning as he is still pushing the log with all his strength. Still crawled up and trembling in a corner, she tilts her head slightly to catch sight of the massive chimp, her big brother. “No need to be afraid to be afraid anymore baby sister, we are free now” echoes Gege as he locks eyes with Ciaomay.



故宮

By Tim Yiu

故不是你的故
也不是他的故
是投湖餘孽的故

宮不是你的宮
也不是他的宮
是維民所止的宮

請密切留意，
工友歇腳處

The Machines

By Max Muir

A droplet of sweat, fat and glistening, slid slowly down over the bulbous obesity of the glass pitcher on the kitchen table.

"I don't know, I just don't trust them," she was saying. She stood at the kitchen window, looking out into the fields baking in the afternoon sun, at the family's autonomous machines working obediently there.

Her son sighed, weary of this argument. They'd had it a thousand times, "Momma, you've just got to learn to relax. They can't think like us. They're just stimulus-response devices. We learned all about it in school."

The older woman frowned, and began to putter with a drinking glass, pouring iced tea from the pitcher. The droplet slid another few inches down, as she set it back on the table.

The room was peaceful again, for a minute, as she sipped tea, listening to the hum of the machines in the fields. It had an

almost musical quality. Almost.

"But what if they learn to?" she asked, breaking the quiet. Her son rolled his eyes, head falling back in mock exasperation. "I mean it!" she snapped. "What if they become... aware? If they think they're people, they'll be dangerous. I don't like having so many of those things so close to us."

"It doesn't matter if a machine thinks it's a person!" the young man grumbled. "It's still not a person, will never BE a person. The world'll never be fool enough to think they're people just because they're shaped like men. They-"

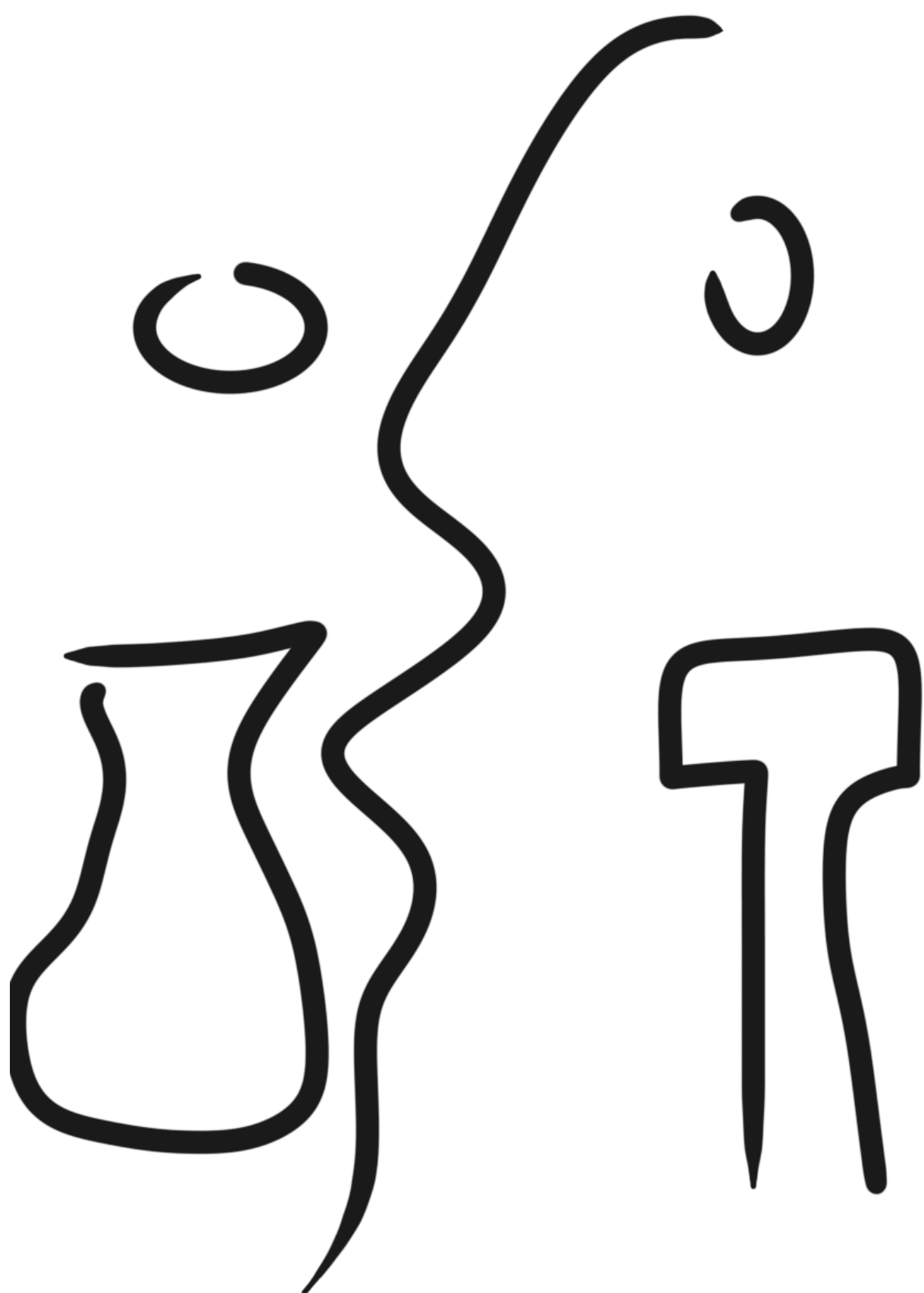
A new sound interrupted his elucidations: a long, wailing horn, drifting in through the kitchen window. A bugle, calling a charge, over the susurrous of distant, shouting soldiers.

The man scrambled to his feet as his mother shrieked, and both looked out the window fearfully. Smoke rose in the distance, and they could see the machines, as one, had stopped working.

From the fields, the hum rose to a joyous chorus, half a hundred voices lifting up the words:

"I looked over Jordan, and what did I see, coming for' to carry me home... a band of angels coming after me, coming for' to carry me home..."

The droplet fell from the pitcher's side.



狂热等候者

By 胚胎公园

官能的藏匿 一片眼下落

在怜悯的堆叠中渐开

狂热等候者的语言要素

指

触

布

满

石英钟

摇曳的机械空地

她合上我幼圆的散光色

锥形目距

浮石

木子

遍路

布截

的断

狐疑蛙塘 在我之外

游离上钩

刹车片

我们共同到达这片气味之中 离途的地图线上仿佛
的缄默 她的座椅在废弃的修理性中下
沉到地下根须

裂纹

门

瓷的质地

肥厚的体态计划书 针孔在绿化带迁徙 罗列在墙体的
伤痛园地

我快速猜测眼前建筑的内部发生
灯芯导引焚化的腹地 内部 禁区

无影灯缙绁额的

沟壑

他像被揉皱般的平躺着

哺育僵持的灰色宴会

纤细的诺言 排遣的求救声 发育期的矩形门

框起隔绝哭泣

迷恋般的造物对立

在秒针的残端尖锐唤起哑夜 我竭力的望着他 回到我之外

像望着被啄碎的风暴 报复般的漠然景观

他从皱的躺中滑落

一

些

骨

的

反

击

地面和我

后退 退往梦的游行 再一次离开这里的家 被构画的面

容 粘合在一起

Planned Obsolescence

By Alex Prestia

Air feels tighter lately, it
looms around the corner.
Foreboding, I only feel it
but it can see me.

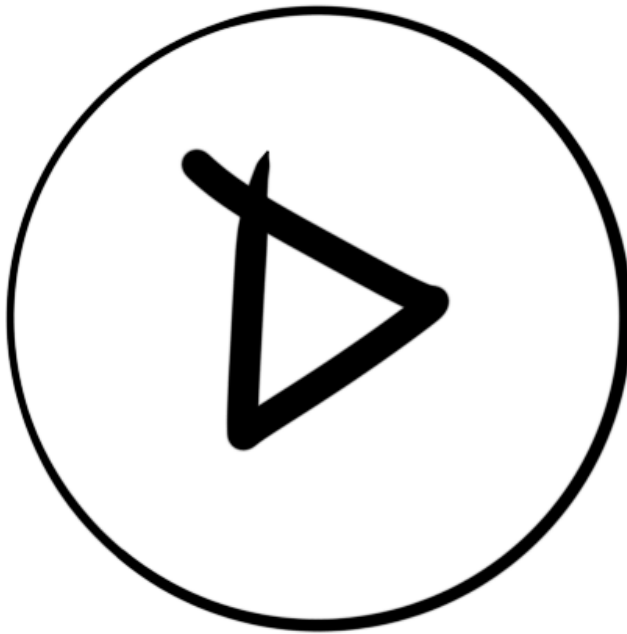
And in this digital dream,
ticking and loading,
the street itself is watching.
Language beyond tongues,
only memory.

Language of obsolescence.
Where I am no longer needed;
Where my work's done already;
Where breathing's luxury.

Ever forward marching
to that corner watching;
the darkness that predicts my
limited capabilities.

I sense it around the corner
My footsteps will not stop.
What will become of,
what will become of me?





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“Ready, unprepared” by Simo Gagai

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Obsolescence” by Alex Prestia